

FREE BLOOD CURE.

An Offering Proving Faith to Sufferers.

Is your Blood Pure? Are you sure of it? Do cuts or scratches heal slowly? Does your skin itch or burn? Have you Pimples? Eruptions? Aching Bones or Back? Eczema? Old Sores? Boils? Scrofula? Rheumatism? Foul Breath? Catarrh? Are you pale? If so purify your Blood at once with B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). It makes the Blood Pure and Rich, heals every sore and gives a clear, smooth, healthy skin. Deep-seated cases like ulcers, cancer, eating sores, Painful Swellings, Blood Poison are quickly cured by B. B. B., made especially for all obstinate Blood and Skin Troubles. B. B. B. is different from other remedies because B. B. B. drains the Poison and Humors out of the Blood and entire system so the symptoms cannot return. Give it a trial. It cures when all else fails. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Sold at drug stores at \$1 per large bottle 6 large bottles (full treatment) \$5. So sufferers may test it, a trial bottle given away absolutely free. Write for it. Address BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Write today. Describe trouble and free medical advice given.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

Ring up 382 or call at the office, 11 North Palafox street, when in need of a carpenter. B. D. Hoffman, Business Agent of the Carpenter's and Joiners' Union, will furnish you with the desired help on short notice. n25f

A Fuel Gas Alphabet!

A was an ANCIENT who used to burn wood.
B is for BILLS that he paid when he could.
C was the COAL that he afterwards bought.
D is the DIRT and DUST that it brought.
E is the EVIL these things brought to pass.
F was his FOLLY in not using gas.
G is the GAS George used in his stove.
H is the HEIGHT of his gas brought to his home.
I is the INDIAN; he doesn't use GAS.
J cannot use it, for J's the JACKASS.
K is the KITCHEN where GAS is the fuel.
L is the LAUNDRY, they're both of 'em cool.
M is the MONEY, saved by a Gas Range.
N is for NOW, the best time for a change.
O is the OFFER the Company makes.
P is the PROFIT, don't make a mistake.
Q is for QUESTION; no question at all!
R is the RANGE you should buy before Fall.
S is the SAVING you make, if you do.
T is the TIME and TROUBLE saved, too.
U is the UNION of Comfort and thrift.
V is VEXATION, now cut it adrift.
W is WISDOM in having in change plus Three Dollars to buy a Gas Range.
X is for YOU, please observe as you pass.
Y is our ZEAL to supply you with GAS.

GAS RANGES \$13. Connect & Free.

Pensacola Gas Co.,
NO. 3 S. PALAFOX ST.

THE HEINE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

No. 8 North Palafox Street.
MISS EVELINE M. HEINE, Principal.
MISS IDA PIAZZO, Assistant.
Voice culture, Violin and Piano, Leipzig System; also Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin.

Best Patent Flour.

Our Best Red 1 Royal Patent is the best flour that can be produced by any mill.

Forget Me Not is one of the best Breakfast Foods on the market.

All made by The O. E. Standard Mill Co. and for sale by New Orleans Grocery Co.

JAS. M'HUGH,
Phone 105. Proprietor.

A CHILD KISS.

She gave me a kiss, a dear, sweet kiss,
'Twas only by a girl of ten;
She little knew
That when she grew
She would not share them with men.
When at last the ripe years have come
And Cupid's bow appears,
And the fevered dart
Strikes at the heart
Which must last through months and years.
Perhaps it may turn out to be,
As others have done before,
The charm forget
In wild regret,
Repent and sigh for days of yore,
With children near to hear the blame
On each as it may chance to fall,
Not words so dear,
But words that year—
God forgive us for it all!
For such is life to many a wife,
And mistakes are made all the while,
But give me the kiss
Of a dear, sweet kiss
From the innocent lips of a child.

THE TEST OF LOVE

Barbara Merriden Came Near Giving Up a Brave Man For a Coward.

Of all the noble rivers that go bounding to the sea none is more splendid than the Columbia. Its pine clad banks give a majestic setting for its silver stream. But why should it be called silver? At times it is the deepest green, deeper and more luminous than the heart of a jewel. There are hours when its cascades have a thousand colors, like mother of pearl. There are dawns, after the mist has lifted, when the broad surface of the river above the cascades is actually saffron or burnished gold.

Barbara Merriden knew it in every mood and loved it whether it was somber with storm or sullen in the harsh autumn days or scintillant under the July sunshine. She was as much at home upon the river as on the land, and the firm earth, with all its comfort and beauty, could never give her the joy that she felt when the current took her boat in its strong embrace.

She went to the river in her sorrowful moments as well as in her happy ones. She fled to it as to a friend. When George Caxton told her that he loved her, she ran to the river to tell of the blessing that had come into her life. But some way she did not feel the ecstasy she had expected to. The pleasure in her heart did not rise to meet the splendor of water and sky and shore. She had often looked forward to this hour as the crowning joy of her life. But with grief she discovered that the joy of nature had a deeper meaning for her.

It was because the hour had been too long expected. George Caxton and Barbara Merriden had gone to school together. They knew every event of each other's lives. They had always been attached to each other. George had never the gift of any other girl felt that she was destined to be his wife. She had said yes to his earnest question with gratitude and happiness, yet now in the mystic hour by the river, with the sun shedding its last exquisite glow upon an unreal world, she felt a weariness of spirit at the moderation of her joy.

She was turning from her beautiful river, humiliated at the inadequacy of her own emotions, when she saw walking among the pines, with eyes fixed upon the distant glory of the sky, a young man whom she had never seen before. He did not see her till she was close by him, and then he looked with a start at the face of the girl, spiritual and exquisite with its deep emotional experience. He stopped and looked at her, rapt, as if she had been some recently embodied soul created for this wondrous hour, and she stopped, too, enchanted by the eloquence of his face. When he spoke, it was to say something remarkable:

"Is it always mysterious and fearfully beautiful in these woods?" he asked.

"It is always beautiful here," she said, speaking as if in a dream. "And sometimes it seems unreal and like-like a phantom world, as it does to-night."

Never before in her life had she spoken in the way that she desired. It was her habit to frame her speech in commonplace words. "I should like to walk out on that golden water," he went on. "It seems as if it might bear one up, does it not?" Barbara had a fancy and indulged herself in it.

"It will bear up any one whose heart is light," she smiled. "But mind you, it must have no care at all. It must be as light as ether."

"Would it bear you up?" he asked.

She shook her head mournfully, and he said in a voice that moved her, "And I should sink like a stone." It seemed impossible for them to part while that witch light gleamed upon their enchanted wood, and when the shadows grew gray they became a part of them—like shadows they faded from each other's sight.

That night when Barbara went about her duties and afterward when she lay in her bed she found herself happy with the elate and triumphant happiness of many people lose valuable time in experimenting with cough and cold cures. They should take Foley's Honey and Tar before it is too late. W. A. D'Alemberte.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ness of which she had dreamed. George Caxton, her promised lover, seemed a part of the workaday world. Her thoughts turned away from him in spite of her efforts to be loyal.

She felt sure she would meet the stranger again in the woods, and she did many times. He was a writer by vocation. He even confessed to being a poet. He was not well, he said. The city had worn on him, so he had come for a long rest there among the pines. His name was Cecil Underwood.

Barbara found it impossible to resist the charm of his personality. He seemed to make the whole world over for her. In vain she struggled to remember the truth and patience and strength of her betrothed. He was too well known to her to be seen through a glamour. With austere serenity he insisted upon an early marriage day. He refused apparently to feel any jealousy at the constant companionship of his sweetheart and Cecil Underwood. And Barbara was angry at him for this too.

"He has no sensibility," she said to herself. One wild day when the wind cried through the tree tops and the waters lashed along as if in stress of pain Cecil Underwood came to her in an imperative mood.

"You must come walking with me," he said. "The day expresses me. I have to speak of the torment of my heart, and I will keep still no longer even at your bidding."

Barbara went out with him. They walked under the pines, whose roar filled the world with their lamentings. They were silent, conscious of the storm within their souls.

"Let us take a boat," said Barbara when they had reached the river.

"No, no," he protested, but she seemed not to hear him and untied her skirt and leaped into it.

"Come," she said. He hesitated, but followed. As the little boat felt the lift of the waves the pain in her heart seemed to lighten, and she let the current carry her along, unconscious of the passage of time. Suddenly Cecil cried out:

"The rapids, Barbara! The rapids! See where you have taken us!" He glanced behind her. It was true that the tossing white mane of the water horses was not more than half a mile away, and the boat was quivering in the pull of their great power. Barbara smiled a little. It would not matter to her so much, she reflected, if her great problem were to be solved that way. But still, it was cowardly to die. She set her fine young strength to a resistance, rowing up stream and inclining the boat toward the southern shore. So absorbed was she in this task that she did not notice the man with her till she heard him crying, with wild importunities to his Maker:

"Row, Barbara, row! Row, girl!" Then, looking at him, she saw his face was corpse white and quivering with fear, and the next moment he sank, an inert heap, at the bottom of the boat. "Get up," she commanded, "and take the tiller! Get up instantly!" He obeyed dilly, shaking and sick with terror.

Barbara bent to her heavy task and made by means of brave efforts a little headway. But the wild horses plunged on and dragged her at their heels. She was almost on the verge of yielding to their relentless strength when a boat shot out from the bank. It came toward her quaking with magnificent momentum. Barbara recognized the occupant at once. It was George Caxton. A hideous humiliation filled her soul. She was almost tempted to yield to that tugging of the wild horses. She looked at the half fainting, praying creature beside her and then at the approaching man. And a moment of Gethsemane came to her. Then, white and courageous, she renewed her efforts. A moment later a line was thrown to her. She made it secure. Then she in her boat and George Caxton in his began a struggle against the powers of the river, in which they soon conquered.

George helped the trembling Cecil to shore, but Barbara leaped lightly to land and stood there smiling strangely. "I am thankful with a great thankfulness that I owe my life to you, George," she said. "It is a privilege." She held out her hand to the other man.

"Goodbye," she whispered. "Pity me! Pity me!" he cried. "I do," she responded. "Goodbye." He went slowly under the pines, walking feebly like a man who is old and ill. George looked after him with commiserating eyes, but Barbara was relentless.

"Give me your arm," she said, with tender graciousness. "We will walk home together, George."—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA
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Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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GENERAL INSURANCE

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Real Estate Agents,
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THE GERMAN SHIPBUILDERS

Protest Against the Abrogation of Duty on Shipbuilding Material.

BERLIN, March 19.—At a recent conference of German shipbuilders in Hamburg it was decided to protest against the abrogation of the exemption from duty of shipbuilding materials adopted by the budget committee of the reichstag. Russia, it is said, is making special efforts to increase her shipping, and will give free trade in shipping materials and pay bonuses for the establishment of navigation schools.

Negro Killed by Sheriff.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 19.—At Johns, in the Blue Creek mining district Saturday, William McKinney, a negro, was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff Carroll. McKinney was wanted in Anniston and Policeman Cooper of that city had gone to Blue Creek to make the arrest. Carroll joined him to help make the arrest. McKinney resisted, whereupon the officers opened fire, instantly killing McKinney. The tragedy caused great excitement among the negro population and Sheriff O'Brien has sent deputies to the scene.

Incendiarism at Griffin.

GRIFFIN, Ga., March 19.—The stables of E. C. Smith, cashier of the Griffin Banking company, were burned last night. Mr. Smith loses, beside the building, a fine carriage horse, two mules, a cow, a carriage and buggy, three wagons and other property. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, who has already given away \$2,500,000 of his fortune to colleges and charitable institutions, is preparing to dispose of the remaining \$1,500,000 in the same way, with the provision that he receive an income of \$30,000 a year for himself and wife during the remainder of their lives. Dr. Pearsons will be 80 years old in a few weeks.

A. R. De Fluente, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Hannah Bros., 21 South Palafox street.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

At C. V. Thompson's.
Crane's Ladies' Note Paper, and Envelopes to match.
Cambridge Linen and Envelopes.
Hurd's Parchment.

Invitation Paper and Envelopes.
Linen Tablets.
Frosted Vellum and Envelopes.
English Note, Satin Wove, Tissue Paper; Dennison's Crepe, Etc., with a general assortment of stationery.
C. V. THOMPSON,
No. 30 South Palafox Street.

Medical Society, Attention.
There will be a regular meeting of the Pensacola Medical Society at the Board of Health office at 8 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, March 27. Visiting physicians are cordially invited to attend.

D. W. McMILLAN, M. D., President
E. F. BRUCE, M. D., Secretary.

TO THE PUBLIC.
I have just received a fine lot of all kinds of candies, and sell them at very reasonable prices.
M. M. Large, 25 cents per pound.
Chocolate Drops, 20 cents per pound.
Fruit Mixed, 2 pounds for 25 cents.

All Fancy Mixed Candy, the best ever brought to Pensacola, at 40 cents per pound. Call and see for yourself.
They are fresh and fine just from the vines. C. APOSTLE.
241lm

Indigestion!

We challenge the world to produce a remedy equal to the Matchless Mineral Water for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all forms of Stomach, Bowel Troubles and Skin Diseases. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Cost only 5 cents a day to use it. One dollar bottle last twenty days.

For sale by all druggists; also W. T. Green & Co. 37 S. Palafox Street.

OR ADDRESS
W. W. WILKINSON,
Greenville, Ala.

Testimonial From Judge Gaston.
GREENVILLE, Ala., Aug. 19, 1899.
I take great pleasure in certifying to the purity and the merit of Wilkinson's Matchless Mineral Water. This natural mineral tonic, to my personal knowledge, is taken from a well three miles east of Greenville in the exact condition in which it is sold. I have seen this water used, with wonderful success, for dyspepsia, indigestion, sore eyes and for eruptive diseases, sores and ulcers on man and animals. As a remedy for these troubles, I do not believe its equal exists. It is highly recommended by physicians for a number of diseases.
ZELL GASTON,
Judge of Probate Court, Butler County, Alabama.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Artistic Designs, Estimates, Plans and Specifications for Building of All Kinds, Prepared on Short Notice.

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THE PIONEER LAUNDRY OF WEST FLORIDA!

LAUNDRY
Care And Attention
are the two most needful in the popular laundry. Ordinary care and ordinary attention will accomplish much, but better usually careful and attentive accomplished wonders for customers and ourselves.

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GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED FREE.
WALKER INGRAHAM, Manager.

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Canvas, Cordage, Paints, Oils, Nautical Instruments, Charts, Anchors, Chains, COMPASSES, LOGS, ETC.
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